

BOWSER GETS A JOLT

His Sympathy With Mankind In Trouble Is Not Wanted.

MIXES UP IN FAMILY ROW.

Thought He Was Succoring a Dependent Woman Who Had a Design to Drown Herself—Mrs. B. Helps to Pile on the Agony.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bowser had taken a seat on the front steps after dinner when a young woman poorly dressed passed the gate with slow steps. He watched her until she disappeared around the corner and then said:

"That poor woman is in trouble, and I wish I had gone down to the gate and spoken to her. She is making for the river, and so far as we know it is with the intention of committing suicide."

"I think that same woman called here the other day and was intoxicated," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"I don't believe anything of the kind. No one with that hopeless, dejected look gets it from whisky. You could see by her very walk that she was tired of life and its troubles. I wouldn't have such a flinty heart as you for all the money in the world. Haven't you got a spark of sympathy for any human being?"

"Plenty of sparks for those who are worthy. If I wanted that woman to wash or iron she wouldn't come for \$2 a day. There was a man here today



"TOO BAD, I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS TO YOU."

asking for an old coat, and I offered him a quarter to cut the grass. He turned away as if I had insulted him."

"But he wasn't hungering for human sympathy," protested Mr. Bowser. "He was a man and a tramp. The other was a woman who was crushed with troubles. I shouldn't be the least surprised to see by the papers in the morning that she had leaped into the river and ended all."

"That may be the best thing she could do."

"She needed kind words. Well, if that isn't brutality then I don't know the English language! Mrs. Bowser, if that poor woman does commit suicide then you are a murderer! Who can say that a few kind words from you would not have saved her, and yet you saw her dragging her weary way along and never even gave her a look of pity?"

"What had I to do with it any more than you?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "You could have stopped her and assured her of your sympathies. In fact, I was waiting for you to do so."

"You were waiting for nothing, unless it was to see her fall down in a faint. Even then you would have grudged her a smell of a camphor bottle. It is a few people such as you that make this world cold and cruel. Imagine the feelings of that poor woman on her way to the river! Here you sat, stiff as a poker, well dressed and looking content, and as she surveyed you with pleading eyes she received only a cruel stare in return. She will have a picture of you right before her eyes as she goes to her death."

"But she hasn't gone yet. She's standing down there on the corner thinking it over. You might go down and assure her of your pity and interest and offer her a quarter not to commit suicide. If you walk around for an hour you will meet with several other cases."

Mr. Bowser decided to act. "By the ten tons of heaviness," shouted Mr. Bowser as his face got red and his hair began to curl, "but I'll do it! I'll not have this house pointed out as the residence of two barbarians. I am not a rich man, and I can't found hospitals nor give thousands to the poor, but I can let my fellow men know that I have a heart and am willing to do my mite. Mrs. Bowser, when I return I want a talk with you—a long talk. If I have been living with a savage all these years I want to know it and make a change. I think you can hold yourself in readiness to take the 10 o'clock train for your mother's tomorrow."

With that he walked down the steps and out of the gate. The dejected young woman saw him coming down the street and went away, but he soon overtook her. Her humped shoulders and dragging feet excited his pity, and as soon as near enough he said:

"Young woman, I should like to speak a few words to you."

She stopped and turned to face him.

He looked for tears in her eyes, but there were none. He looked for lines of grief in her face, but they were taking a late summer vacation.

"Well, what's the row now?" she asked as he hesitated.

"There is no row. You are in trouble, and I am one who would help you out."

"How am I in trouble?"

"I don't know. I am going to ask you to tell me. If you feel that life is no longer worth the living and if you are contemplating suicide."

"G'wan with you!" she interrupted, with a wave of her hand. "I'm having a bit of shindy with my husband, who has left me and is passing himself off as a single man to a hired girl along here. I'm looking for her. She's red headed and has a mole on her chin. If I get hold of her I'll give you enough of that red hair to stuff a sofa pillow with."

"Then—then you are not crushed down?"

"I'd like to see the man that could crush me!"

"And you are not thinking of suicide?"

"What d'ye take me for, old man? What's all this jabber about anyway? What is it to you if Jimmie and me have a bit of a row? I don't like you talk, and I don't like your looks."

"But you passed my house back there," replied Mr. Bowser.

"And what if I did? Is there any law to forbid me passing your house?"

"But you looked so dejected and forlorn that I told my wife she ought to have spoken to you and let you know that you had her sympathies."

"If she had I should have thought her a bigger fool than you are. Now get along with ye. There are people looking at us, and I don't want them to understand that I'd pick up with the likes of you."

"Woman, I felt sorry for you and thought—"

"And who asked you to?"

"But the other day you called at my house, and my hard hearted wife turned you away without a kind word."

His Sympathy Rejected.

"Was that your house? I was pretty full, and I thought it was the place where the red headed girl lives. Yes, the lady told me to get a hustle on me, and I'm not blaming her a bit. You'd better be trotting along now."

Mr. Bowser trotted. He wanted to tear pickets off the fences as he passed along. His sympathies had been wasted and his kindness rebuffed. He was wandering along, absorbed in thoughts of Mrs. Bowser's barbarism, when a woman he had been following almost without knowing it turned on him of a sudden and demanded:

"Look here, you old masher, who are you following and for what?"

"Madam, I am not following you," he replied.

"But you have been following me for five blocks, and I won't have no more of it. I'll call the police."

Mr. Bowser looked at her more closely and thought he detected grief in her face and hopelessness in her eyes. He was about to offer his sympathies and fatherly interest in case she had made up her mind to leave the cruel world behind her when she stepped forward and brought a closed umbrella down on his head and then uttered shouts for assistance. For a few seconds he was too dazed to realize the situation. Then she gave him a second blow, and he took to his heels. Boys and men and dogs pursued him, but they stood no show. He had come out to sympathize and had been called hard names. He had been ready with a fatherly interest and had been whacked over the head and his hat broken.

It was two hours later when he entered his house. Mrs. Bowser waited for five minutes for him to speak, and as he did not she inquired:

"Well, did you prevent the crushed from committing suicide?"

"Mrs. Bowser," he replied after a moment, "as I said before leaving the house this evening, I want to talk with you—a long talk."

"Yes, you said so, and now I want to say that I want a talk with you—a short talk. If your heart has got over aching for the general public please lock those back windows and come to bed."

M. QUAD.

In the Right Mood For Speed.



Nervous Friend—Your chauffeur seems to drive very recklessly.

Host—Yes. He doesn't care what happens when he's the worse for drink—Black and White.

Not to Be Thought Of.

There was once a multimillionaire, (he was very "multi") indeed who spent immense sums of money on his children. They had everything, including four automobiles and a steam yacht each.

Still they were not satisfied.

"Can you not," they implored, "spend a little time with us now and then?"

"Time!" cried the multimillionaire, greatly shocked. "No, no! You are dreaming. It is impossible."

This fable teaches that time is not money in any practical sense.—Puck.

THE BOY WITH A RAT.

He Got Only \$3 a Week, but He Drew a Crowd.

He was a grocer's boy about fourteen years old, and he stood in the door for two or three minutes watching the pedestrians hurrying up and down, while street cars clanged past and trucks and wagons crowded each other. He was working at \$3 a week and unknown to the world, but a proud smile came to his face as he realized the power placed in his hands.

Stepping back a pace, he picked up a trap with a rat in it. He was a mere nobody, and yet he had caught a rat. Night after night he had baited for the rodent and trapped him at last. Only a boy, only a rat—but wait a minute.

The boy stepped out to the curbstone, with the trap in his hand. He was a nobody, and yet at that moment he was greater than an alderman.

"A rat! A rat! A rat!" shouted half a dozen voices in chorus, and faster than you could count 'em a hundred people gathered. With them were a dozen dogs; then 200 people, then 300—500.

Only a grocer's boy working at \$3 a week and yet a greater man than the mayor of the city!

"Shake him out! Give the dogs a chance!"

The boy waited. He commanded the situation. He waited until passengers jumped off the street cars, until the trucks and wagons stopped, until men came running for half a mile around, until seven or eight hundred excited men, women, boys and girls were jamming and pushing and asking each other who had dropped dead.

Just nobody's boy, and yet some one rang in a fire alarm, some one sent in a call for the ambulance, some one telephoned for the police reserves.

Then when a thousand eyes were upon him, when hundreds of men were asking who he was, when fifty car dogs were raving about his feet, the boy opened the door of the trap, shook the rat out and made his way back to the grocery and calmly sold a woman a bar of soap for 7 cents.—Chicago News.

Secondhand English.

Swede (to Englishman at Colorado Springs, noting that the Englishman's accent was unlike that of the other inhabitants)—How long you bane in dese country?

Englishman—Nine months.

Swede—You bane spake de language putty good already. Ven you bane in dese country two years you vill spake as well as de people here.

Englishman (amplifying)—Man alive, I am from the country where this language is manufactured! What you are learning to speak is secondhand English.—Judge.

Uncle Tom Shows His Nephews How He Used to Duck For Apples.

Three boys are shown in a field, one is ducking for apples.

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THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Gardner Laments Fact That the World Has No Use For Him.

MISSES THE OLD THINGS.

New Names and New Ways Do Not Appeal to the Nostalgic President—He Recalls Changes That Have Taken Place in His Time.

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"My friends," said Brother Gardner, president of the Limekiln club, at its last meeting, "I've been doin' a heap o' thinkin' fur de last few days, and I's about come to de conclusion dat de world ain't got no fuder use fur me and odder old folks. We am outer date. We can't keep up wid de pursecution. We can't catch on."

"It makes me lonely when I look around me and miss all de old fashioned things, and some nights I look up at de moon and de stars and wonder

am to aim \$2 and spend \$3 and to spare dat you am gwine to lib a thousand years."

Men's Word Was Good.

"Dar was a time when a man's word was good fur somethin' in business. If you went to a merchant to buy he told you the truth about his goods. If you hadn't de money to pay he took your word and trusted you. How primitive! How silly compared to today! Find me a man who'll take a tradesman's word. Find me a tradesman who'll take a customer's word. We look upon each odder as liars and deadbeats, and as a matter of fact we are. We have to be to keep ahead of de odder feller. When a man says he will do thus and so you wonder if he hain't lyin'."

When he gives you his note of hand you worry fur fear dat he won't meet it. When he sends word dat he am ready to pay it you look for a nigger in de wood pile. When he has paid it and you have de money in your pocket you feel a sort o' contempt fur him dat he was honest."

"In de old days when I bought a hoe it was a hoe. De same wild shoes or a hat or groceries. De seller made his profit and his goods was honest. When you go to buy a thing nowadays under dis up to date system you am swindled first in what you buy and next in de price of it. Dar am swindles in everything you eat, wear and use. We not only swindle our own people, but de world at large. We send de heathen Chinese Bibles and missionaries and tracts, and we also send him cottons filled wid clay to make 'em weigh heavier."

"Now and den, in de old days gone nebbet to return, I used to ask a few naysburs to drop in on an evenin'. We had a pitcher o' cider, a pan of apples and some popcorn and all enjoyed deirselves. I was invited over to de house of Brudder Giveadam Jones de odder evenin'."

He said it was gwine to be a simple affair. Dar was six kinds of cake, wine, ice cream and cigars, and when de eatin' and drinkin' was over we had music on de phonograph. I hain't sayin' a word of criticism. Brudder Jones alms \$15 a week and hain't a cent in de bank, but de up to date programme must be followed or he would be out of de swim. Even if he can't get a doctor's prescription filled he must make a bluff."

What He Found in the Country.

I hope it might be different out in de country, whar it used to seem to me dat God libed most de time, and de odder day I took a wander to git near him. Waa! I found a farmer who charged me 5 cents for a glass of buttermilk dat was gwine to de pigs. I found a boy who called me an old nigger. I found a farmer's wife who said I looked like a thief. I found a country grocer who asked me 2 cents too much fur a paper of smokin' tobacco. I found a constable who wouldn't let me lie down on de green grass, and I found a farmer's hired man who wanted me to change a bogus half dollar fur him and cuffed me becase I wouldn't. God wasn't out dar. It was all man, man, man—de same sort o' men dat you meet in de city, de up to date men."

I looked and looked and looked, but I found nuthin' like it used to be. It was 'keep off de grass' becase de grass was wuth money. You mustn't lean agin de trees, becase de trees was cold. You mustn't wander in de woods becase a trust owned them. You mustn't fish in de brooks, wander in de meadows nor hunt fur blackberries. "I come home disappointed and discouraged and wid tears in my eyes, but I'm not gwine to kick. Progress has dun all dis, and I have failed to keep up wid de pursecution. I'm a has been. I'm a back number. Let us break de meetin' in two and go home."

M. QUAD.

She Meant Well.

A teacher in a certain eastern school asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. The pupils went diligently to work with paper and pencil, some drawing pictures of soldiers, policemen, fine ladies, etc. They all worked hard but one little girl, who sat quietly holding her pad and pencil in hand.

The teacher, observing her, asked: "Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?"

"Yes, I know," replied the little girl. "I know I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."

A Warning.

"Oh, I—I beg your pardon. I—I thought these were artificial eggs."

"Well, you'll wish you were an artificial model before I get through with you."—Browning's.

The Two Bards.

"Why do you write?" I asked the bard whose rhymes were bad, whose lines were hard.

To read, whose tragedy was slub, His wit obscure, his pathos gush. With a tense look he raised his head—"Because I am inspired," he said.

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A WARNING.

So was just a common poet Of the ordinary type, Doomed to write his verse and sow it Wherever the field was ripe.

But one day he wrote some twaddle With a meter like a knell, And the thing rang in his noddle Till his wits began to tottle And his brain was all a-waddle, And they put him in a cell.

Now he sits alone and looney In the madhouse by the way, And whenever the nights are moony He writes poetry, they say, But his muse is most erratic, As of course 'twould have to be, For he's floppy in the attic, Also violently in-natie, And a straitjacket emphatic Is his future destiny.

Moral is, don't write a jingle With an overcatchy rhyme. You might make too many mingle In the madhouse at a time. Maniacs in an asylum Get excited if you rile 'em, And you cannot bawle or bile 'em In this addeicated clime.

Just refrain from all the meters That go galloping along, And the jolly one that teters Like a hushaby low song. Strike a measure sorter noopey—Such a one, well say, as mine, Let her wander, limp and loopy, Serpent-like-shy and roopey. Till you've got your rhythm doopey—Or else quietly realize.

—Lurana W. Sheldon in Judge.

The Usual Work.

It seemed to Bobby that there was no end to the advice and instructions his mother gave him when he was starting off with his father for a week's trip.

"Now I want to be sure you have everything you need," she said, opening his bag in spite of his assurances that it held all a boy could possibly require.

"Why, Bobby, where is your hairbrush? You were forgetting it."

"No, mother, I wasn't forgetting it," said Bobby, looking desperate. "I thought you said I was going on a vacation."—Youth's Companion.

Hiked Up.

"For goodness sake," exclaimed the boy's mother, "what are you complaining about? You wanted regular suspender pants 'n' now you've got 'em you ain't satisfied."

"I know, mom," protested the boy, "but I'm kinder 'traid they're too tight under the arms."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Under the Sea Telegraphy.

From Mrs. Diver to Mr. Diver: "Come home early. Baby's cut a tooth."—Sketch.

Fat Pie.

Impecunious Count—Ah, but, duke, ze father of ze American girl is one immensely wealthy man.